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The Classic

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The Classic, April 1904

Northwestern Classical Academy

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F. Lubbers

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APRIL, 1904.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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The Classic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE N. W. C. A.

VOLUME 12

APRIL

NUMBER 7

Editorial.

AGAIN the time has come for the old staff to make room for the new. We feel that with our best efforts and intentions we have failed to meet the just demands of our readers and patrons. The year has been one of hard work. Many times have we sacrificed all in order to be able to give The Classic its due share of attention. However, faintly more would we have done, provided this had improved our journal. For all this exertion we have never asked nor even desired any pay save the good will of the public. Looking back we feel constrained to thank all the patrons of this paper for their warm support. We owe a debt of gratitude to all those who have shown an interest in our enterprise. Our subscription list has been enlarged somewhat, while the support of the local advertisers has not been as favorable as might have been expected. Still on the whole, we have every reason to be thankful, since, by the liberal contributions of our friends, the paper is on a better basis financially now than it was last year. Our personal gain is not to be counted in dollars and cents, but the year's work has been a pure gain in education and training in the practical affairs of life. Indeed it affords us much pleasure to be able to cast our mantels upon the shoulders of our successors. We do this, not because we are tired of serving the public in this capacity, but because we feel confident that wherever we failed they, profited by our experience, will succeed, and wherever we met with success, they will improve upon our most brilliant achievements. Wishing our successors godspeed, and our readers a most affectionate farewell, we drop our wasted quill, and of necessity feel content to see it taken to some dusty shelf in the attic or some useless drawer somewhere in a remote corner of the basement.

ARCHITECTS, builders and insurance investigators, are much interested in the Baltimore fire, in order that they may draw conclusions as to the effect of fire on different materials. It is said that no fire has ever occurred in the history of the world where a greater variety of buildings were damaged or destroyed, and therefore this event gives an excellent opportunity to draw conclusions as to what materials will best withstand fire. One thing is certain, that it is exceedingly hard, if not impossible, to build a structure, which will not be damaged at all by the intense heat of such great fires. Polished granite withstood the heat better than the rough surface, although not only granite, but marble and other stone was subjected to such a temperature that it cracked off pillars and other portions of the walls in chips, some weighing four or five pounds. The sidewalks around these buildings were piled with pieces of granite, marble, and brownstone to a depth of three feet in some places. Buildings erected of what was supposed to be the most durable material and provided with the best appliances which modern ingenuity has devised for protection against fire, were damaged as well as the others. Of the larger buildings that were not ruined, the interiors must be entirely renewed, and the floors of concrete are crumbled away, pieces falling down nearly every day a week after the fire had occurred.

It is believed that the superheated air blown ahead of the fire ignited some of the buildings. In no other way can the fact be accounted for that buildings of solid masonry and steel, protected by "fireproof" shutters began to burn while the fire was still three or four hundred feet away. The fire was produced within the building by the air penetrating it, for in many cases it was seen that the windows bursted and that the flames rushed out of them from the inside.

It is also said that brick and terra cotta were damaged less than any other material, and therefore these two materials are by far the best to withstand fire.

THERE exists no longer any doubt but what William R. Hearst will make a most determined and effective effort to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. His case is unique in the history of the Democratic party. Never before has a man so utterly obscure been a candidate for this responsible office, and that the leaders of the party are greatly agitated about the matter, needs no explanation. He is a young man, born on the Pacific coast. Lately he graduated from Harvard College and now occupies a seat in Congress for a district in New York. He is absolutely void of

all knowledge and experience in national affairs that constitute the requisites of a statesman; was never known to manage difficult political problems brought up in Congress, and has practically exerted no influence in that body save through his vote. Only until recently he was unknown in the country.

The sources of his influence and strength as an aspirant for the candidacy are twofold. He is the proprietor of three papers, one in New York, another in Chicago, and a third in San Francisco, while he intends to establish a fourth journal in St. Louis. These papers have a large circulation especially among the working class of the nation, and they are the exact exponents of yellow journalism. He pretends to favor the laboring class, and with his trash he makes them incendiary to their employers. Better times are promised the laborer by making the breach between the employer and employee still wider than it is. While the great men of the nation are trying to solve the labor question by restoring peace between the two hostile parties, Hearst adopts the very opposite policy. The dissatisfied element devours this incendiary reading matter with a relish, and hails him as the advocate of their claims. Besides his influence as a journalist, his second source of strength lies in his great wealth. This has enabled him to establish in every community of the nation, where effective work for him can be done, branches of a most potent organization. With these resources at his command, Mr. Hearst sways the sentiment of the common people, while he keeps the great leaders of his party spell bound. No one dares to attack him, for this means nothing less than a personal contest, from which the most determined will shrink. However, it is not expected that the Democratic party will select as their leader and candidate a man who has no resources save wealth and yellow journalism.

My Home.

My home is situated in South Dakota, on the banks of the Missouri River, in Bon Homme Co., near the town of Running Water.

The country, except along the creeks and rivers, is just about the same as it is here in Iowa. There it is very rough and hilly, especially along the Missouri River, where it is exceedingly broken with bluffs that have perpendicular sides.

The river has flood plains about two miles wide. Part of which has grown to forest, the rest is used for farming purposes for which it is well adapted.

Some of the hills are of pure sand with a small layer of heavier soil on top, on which thrives a grass commonly known as buffalo

grass. And some hills have a subsoil composed of gravel, while others have clay.

We also find cactus beds over these hills in round spots. They are very pretty when in bloom, but not very pleasant for a bare-footed lad to run into.

We have on our farm a place known as "The Devils Den." Why it is so called I do not know. Some say it is the place where the horse thieves had their haunts in the early Dakota days. It is a very rough place with large fissures in the ground. Besides this well known Den I have also found ruins of old caves where some thieves lived.

Springs are found everywhere bubbling out of the cracks in the rocks. These are something wonderful. A person would think they would stop flowing some time, but they do not. Hot or cold, wet or dry, they always keep the same temperature and the same flow of water. Along the brooks, formed by these springs, are many beautiful flowers, the prettiest of these, according to my judgement, is the columbine. Wild fruits, such as strawberries, buffalo berries, cherries, grapes, plums, etc., also abound here.

The buffaloes in by-gone days must have frequented these springs for water, for we find a good many skeletons of buffaloes. Of course there are not any buffaloes existing there now.

The wild animals of this region are: the wild cat, wolf, badger and raccoon. The smaller kind are quite numerous. Of these animals wolves are the most numerous. In the year 1902 a hunter killed 81 of the obnoxious creatures.

It must not be thought that Dakota is as rough as you probably imagine from my description. The land under cultivation is very well adapted for agriculture. It is a little rolling so that it has a perfect drainage. There is just one thing objectionable, however, and this is the boulders that are scattered here and there by the ancient glaciers. But they can be removed without much trouble.

Our house is situated on a hill, so that it gives us a fine view of the surrounding country, especially toward the river. The town Moberara is seen in the distance with the big muddy Missouri in between.

In the summer the river steamers pass up and down the river.

Space will not permit me to write more of my home of which I could say quite a little. It now makes me think of the bright summer nights when it is growing dusk, the toil of the day being over, as I seem to hear the whip-poor-will in the woods singing his evening lay, the frogs croaking their best. It makes me long for my Dakota home.

W. H. K. '07.

The Fate of The Olesons.

One cold autumn day in the latter part of the sixties the people living in the neighborhood now covered by Chicago beheld an old man coming down the road with a staggering gait and a forlorn look. He appeared to be about seventy years of age, was thinly clad in a threadbare suit of black serge, large heavy shoes, no mittens and an old felt hat none the better for wear. Those of the people who had not lived long in that neighborhood did not know him, but some of the old settlers recognized him as old man Oleson, who had moved from that place to Indiana ten years before. He walked to a place where he knew some of his old friends still lived and asked for food and shelter.

People were much surprised at seeing the old man in distress. He had left them not many years ago with a family consisting of a wife, a few years his junior, and four grown up children. They were well to do, willing to work, good neighbors and members of the church. The news was soon spread through the neighborhood that the old man had been turned out of the house by his children, with whom he had not lived peacefully since the death of his wife, a few years ago. Two of his children had been disappointed in love, and for this they brought false accusation against their father, and it ended in turning him out of the house to shift for himself.

For some time the old man lived among his old friends in Illinois. There were none among them who could afford to keep him and he entered the poor house of that County. Here he was treated with the cruelty that is often inflicted upon one so helpless. His mind became unbalanced and he ended his days in the insane asylum.

Meanwhile his sons and daughters lived on the family estate in Indiana. The two youngest were soon married after having, as they said, had their own way about things. They lived on farms and gained much in wealth but little in self control and neighborly conduct. It seemed their treatment of their father had sown in them the seeds which go to make so many bad people. They were on the bad side of everything. Their neighbors held as little communication with them as possible, the church had no support from the Olesons, in every session of the District Court there was a lawsuit, which they had brought about; even in their own homes their behavior was shocking.

This miserable kind of life was closed by an untimely death. The daughter died of the effect of a bad burn caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove, which was the result of her own carelessness. The son met his death at a still earlier age. One Sunday

morning he spent most of his time in a saloon of a neighboring village, and in the afternoon of that day, while half drunk, he was shot by a comrade, who had been with him in the morning.

The two who remained continued to live on the farm, but their life was crowded with misery. They remained single and after the death of their father quarreled over the estate. During a lawsuit over this matter the young man tried to kill the judge for the decision he had made. He was sentenced to a term of twenty years in the state prison and there he died.

The lawyers who had pleaded the case took what there was left of the family estate and the one daughter was left to shift for her self. Her last days were full of misery. She grew lazy as she grew older and tried almost everything from taking in washing to fortune telling, the latter bringing the greatest returns. She died in poverty, the last two years of her life being spent as a friendless beggar.

This ended the last of the once happy family of the Olesons, who had lived so peacefully in their quiet home in Illinois. It seems that the beginning of this misery was sown when they turned their aged father out of their home.

H. D. V. '94.

Lost in a Snowstorm.

On a day in January, several years ago, my friend and I set out for a neighboring city to transact some business. The city was twelve miles distant. We made the trip in a comparatively short time, for the conditions of the roads were very good.

After we had reached the city, we put the horses in the livery barn, went to a restaurant and ate some lunch, and went about transacting our business. By the time we were through, night had already come on, but we hitched up our horses and set out for home. We were busy talking, when suddenly we heard a roaring noise. We stopped the horses and listened. We at once knew that this was the forewarning of an approaching blizzard. Knowing there was a grove a short distance ahead, we urged on the horses and reached the sheltered side of the grove just as the storm burst upon us.

From the moment that the storm burst upon us we realized the impossibility of proceeding any further toward home. All the air was full of drifting snow, and so much so that we could see nothing except what was nearest to us on either side. We succeeded in unhitching the horses, but with great difficulty, for they were frightened by the storm and refused to stand still. We had no

place to put them, and the only thing we could do was to let them choose a place for themselves. After we had finished this work we determined upon some means by which we could spend the night here. The only plausible plan by which we could shelter ourselves was to take the box from off the sled, turn it upside down, and go in under it. The box, however, was not high enough in its ordinary state to permit of anything like this. Then we put a rock under each corner of the box and packed snow all around it, except a small place for an opening to enter. This snow we tramped down hard and it formed good walls for our improvised hut. Thus we had a fair protection from the storm.

We then ate a lunch of some crackers and cheese, which we had bought in the city. We made a bed out of some blankets that were in the sleigh. During all this time the force of the wind had been steadily increasing, and by this time it seemed as if our hut would be blown away. We soon fell asleep. During the course of the night I awoke and found that the wind had calmed, but that it was very cold. I soon fell asleep again, and when I awoke again I saw that day was dawning. After arousing my friend, I cleared away some of the snow from the back of the box. This was hard work on account of the amount that had drifted against it. After a short time an opening large enough for a man to crawl through was made.

As we emerged into the open air, we found that the storm had ceased, the wind had gone down entirely, and the sun was shining brightly. Our horses were found after a short search. They had taken refuge from the storm in a place where the trees were very close together, and where there were thick brushes and undergrowth. Here they had been all night, safe from the storm. They were unharmed, although very cold. We next took the sled out of the snow and put the box back on it. Then we hitched the horses to it and started for home. The progress of our journey was slow on account of the great amount of snow on the ground, and the blocking of the road by the drifted snow. We arrived home safely a little past noon.

M. G. V. O., '05.

The Ingratitude of a Child.

"Why should the letter come at this time. I cannot give up the ball." These angry words were heard coming from the lips of a very pretty dark-eyed girl, as she sat up in her cozy room at college, after having devoured the contents of a letter. This letter which had caused her so much annoyance was from her father, who

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ORANGE CITY, IA.

THE CLASSIC.

Published Monthly during the School Year
by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

J. J. Van der Schaaf, '04, Editor in Chief

Locals.

Miss Cora Newhouse spent her
vacation at Sheldon.Miss Jennie Roetman visited
the Academy, March 10th.J. C. De Bruyn was seen at
Middleburgh during vacation.We are all back for the last
term of the year and locals are
scarce as ever.Misses Effie Hospers and
Smith of the High School visit-
ed the Academy, March 21st.We hope you will all give heed
to "Subscription Due" on the
first page of your paper. We
must have money to pay for the
paper YOU have been reading.The new Classic Staff is as
follows:

Editor in Chief.....	J. C. De Bruyn '05
Ass't Editor.....	A. Te Pasko '05
Literary.....	Tillie De Jong '05
Local.....	G. Vermeer '05
Ass't Local.....	Christina Rouwenhorst '06
Alumni.....	Agnes Stapelkamp '05
Exchange.....	Ida Bomguars '05
Business Manager.....	D. Ellerbroek '05
Ass't Business Manager.....	W. A. Bauman '06

The Academy Endowment
Fund received another gift of
\$200 from a certain friend in
Orange City, who desires to keep
his name secret. Such secret
givers receive the highest praise
and The Classic takes this oppor-
tunity to thank them.

The "A's" were asked to write
a description of a fly. Everybody
rushed into the reading room
to consult the Encyclopedias.
However, nothing was to be found
that treated the subject. After
a "Ne plus non" search, the
brightest of them all found the
following: "Fly: A domestic ani-
mal too well known for any ex-
planation."

was a poor working man in the town of A..... He had a family
of eight small children, of whom she was the eldest. She being
their first child, her parents had made a vow, that, cost what it
might, they would give her a good education. Although her parents
could not afford it, she was sent to college at the age of sixteen and
at this time was in her senior year. The letter which was mention-
ed before was the second one she had received; the first being from
her little brother, asking her to come home, and telling her that her
mother was very sick. The second letter ran thus:

DEAR KATIE:— Your mother is dangerously ill, come home.
We have not enough money to pay for a doctor. Come right away
for your mother's sake. YOUR FATHER.

After a moment of thought she took out paper and pencil and
answered in this way:

DEAR FATHER:— Am sorry that mother is sick. I cannot come
home tonight on account of a dress sale. I am sorry that you can-
not send me the money for a dress. I will come in a few days.

In haste, CATHERINE.

**

The music was softly floating through the rooms, and every
where was heard the sound of laughter and the rustling of silks.

Catherine B., very becomingly dressed, was sitting on a low
divan, surrounded by suitors, when suddenly some one tapped her
shoulder. She turned around and saw one of the servants, who
said, "Telegram for you, from your father, Miss". A look of annoy-
ance passed over her lovely face. But she took the message and
opened it. While noting its contents, her face suddenly paled, drop-
ped the note and fainted away at the feet of the servant. He, with
the help of the others, dashed water over her and carried her to
her room. The note, which had so greatly disturbed her, contain-
ed the following:

DAUGHTER:— You will be too late. After continually asking
for you, your mother died. FATHER.

**

On the platform of the depot at midnight a young lady was
seen impatiently walking to and fro, waiting for the coming of
the train that would carry her to her home. After a few minutes
the train arrived. After a few days of traveling she reached home
just in time to see the death form of her mother. Her father sadly
met her at the door with outstretched arms. She fell into his arms
and asked for forgiveness. After the burial of her mother she stayed
at home and took care of her father and the children, a much wiser
and better girl than she had been before. E. H. '06.

**Dirk H. Schalekamp,
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ORANGE CITY, IOWA

Misses Lizzie Schalekamp,
Bertha Van de Gon and Mr.
Hugo Kuyper were on the sick
list.

Some of the boys spent their
vacation earning dollars by
means of canvassing stereoscopic
views.

A combined physiology class
has been formed for the Spring
term under the care of Prin.
Soulén.

This is the last issue under the
old management, and we hope
you will all say it was a very
good one.

Prof.—“How did Marlowe come
to the end of his life?”

Student—“By eating a rabbit
or chicken.”

The duties of the farm have
again called Hubert Muilenburg
from school. We hope to see him
back again in the winter.

Commencement honors re-
sulted as follows: J. Van der
Schaaf, Valedictorian; Helen
Slob, Salutatory; Gertie Beyer,
Class History and Prophecy.

The “A’s” have organized for
Biology work under direction of
Miss Walvoord.

W. A. Bouman of the “C” class
visited Dakota on business Sat-
urday, March 19th.

Since Spring weather has
again come, Athletics are receiv-
ing close attention. The ladies
play basket ball and the boys
stick to base ball. We have al-
most everything that is necessa-
ry for a good base ball team, but
we still lack enthusiasm, and if
anyone knows where to procure
this we would be glad to hear
from him. Mr. De Vries is capt-
ain and Mr. Vermeer manager
for the season. With such man-
agement the team ought to do
good work.

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fine footwear, tennis and sporting shoes, and
full line of rubber goods.

Give me a call boys.

At the Spring opening of
school the floors of the building
were oiled, and some of the stud-
ents found it convenient to sit
down on them and take a rest at
odd times.

The Greek section of the “A”
class finished the Anabasis at
the close of the winter term.
They are the first class that has
accomplished this and that cer-
tainly speaks well for the boys.

We are pleased to announce that
Miss Lucy Sturrop, whose sick-
ness we mentioned in the last
issue, is back in our ranks.
Neither the “B” class nor the
Academy can afford to lose Miss
Sturrop.

The following are the officers
elected at a recent meeting of
the Philomathean Literary Society:
President..... A. F. Van Kley
Vice Pres..... D. D. Ellerbroek
Sec'y..... Ida Bomgaars
Treas..... Sip Terpstra
Sergeant-at-Arms..... W. A. Bauman

Resolutions.

Since it has pleased the Al-
mighty Father in his allwise
Providence to sorely afflict our
friend and class-mate, Gertie
Beyer, by the death of her dear
sister;

Resolved: That we, the mem-
bers of the “A” class of the N.
W. C. A., express our sincere
sympathy and commiseration
with our esteemed class-mate
and the bereaved family in their
sorrow, and commend them to
the care of Him, who in his mer-
cy, although sorely wounds, also
heals.

Resolved: That a copy of these
resolutions be published in The
Classic, and a copy sent to our
bereaved class-mate and the
mourning family.

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HUGO KUYPER, } Com.
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De Alumnis.

'91. Rev. Van Arendonk from Sheldon, Ia., visited Michigan.

'88. P. D. Van Oosterhout was at Grinnell on business.

'90. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Oggel a little daughter was born, March 18.

'02. Sunday, March 20, Cornie Hospers visited Sioux City.

'99. W. Labberton has returned from a long sojourn in the State of Washington.

'92. Rev. Heemstra from the Central Ref. Church of Sioux Center paid Orange City friends and relatives a visit.

'03. Miss Jennie Van der Meide from Grinnell, Ia., spent her vacation at home.

'01. Mr. J. J. Heeren has been elected president of the Y. M. C. A. at Grinnell.

'00. J. Gleysteen was out on a visit to Grinnell, Ia.

Jno. Hospers contemplates to run for the position of Co. Attorney.

'02. In a debate on "Capital Punishment" the Western boys Messrs. Pennings, Muyskens and DeZeeuw dealt the Michigan chaps a most crushing defeat.

Annie Smith (Hollander) has entered upon a life "Among The Hills."

'92. Rev. D. C. Ruigh of the Amoy Mission of China was married at Hong Kong, Feb. 3rd, to Miss Christina Alice Marshall Corst of Yokohama, Japan. The bride's father is a Hollander. Mrs. Ruigh was a member of the Union Church at Yokohama having professed her faith there last year.

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'92. Rev. Jno. Heemstra has received a call from the Ref. Church at Newkirk, Ia. The congregation at Sioux Center is living in great anxiety for fear their pastor will leave them.

'96. Apr. 6 in the church at Harrison, S. D., occurred the marriage of Jno. Straks to Miss Bessie Vis. Soon after the wedding the young couple will leave for Clymer, New York, from whence Mr. Straks has received a call. The Classic joins the host of friends in wishing them success and the happiest of wedded life.

'91. Miss Mary Muyskens has returned to her home at Alton, from Iowa College. The young lady intends to enter upon the teaching profession.

'92. Dr. Hart Beyer was in Orange City, April 5.

'92. Prof. B. Dykstra is spending his vacation in Sioux County.

'90. Dr. Herman Oggel from Maurice visited the County seat April 5.

'91. Mr. J. Van der Meide was elected treasurer of the school board of Orange City.

'94, '91. At Holland, Michigan, the home of the bride, on Apr. 6, took place the marriage of Rev. S. Nettinga to Miss Kate Zwemer. Both parties are well known and respected, and The Classic deems it an extraordinary privilege to extend the most sincere congratulations to the worthy couple. Rev. Nettinga is pastor of the Ref. Church of Spring Lake, Mich., where the young couple will reside for the present.

'92. Wierks is now in the service of Uncle Sam. He has accepted a position as rural mail carrier on one of the Hosper roads.

Northwestern State Bank.

ORANGE CITY, IA.

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A. VAN DER MEIDE, Cashier.

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'93. Thursday evening, Apr. 7,
at 6:30 at the home of the bride's
parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Rhyns-
burger occurred the marriage of
their daughter Miss Marie to
Leo. T. Oggel, son of Mr. and
Mrs. H. P. Oggel. Rev. J. P. Win-
ter, pastor of the American Ref.
Church, performed the ceremo-
ny, which was witnessed by only
relatives and the intimate friends
of the contracting parties. The
bride and groom grew up in
Orange City and are among our
most worthy young people.

'88. P. D. Van Oosterhout has
been re-elected mayor of Orange
City.

'99. Anthony Te Paske has
been re-elected mayor of Sioux
Center.

'02. Dick Rhynsbarger return-
ed home from Iowa City to at-
tend the wedding of his sister
Marie.

'01. Jennie Muilenburg spent
Sunday in Hull at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. G. Van den Burg.

'00. Ella Beyer had a severe
attack of pneumonia, but we are
glad to say that she has fully
recovered.

'93. Mrs. Clarence Schaap
from LeMars spent a few days
at her mother's home in Orange
City.

'01. Henrietta Van Rooyen was
offered a position in the town
school, vacated by Miss Schut.
She declined the offer.

'02. Miss Fay Wilcox spent
her Spring vacation at Ames.

'96. Mr. and Mrs. Al. Jonge-
waard from Chicago were called
home on account the severe ill-
ness and death of their father,
Mr. C. Jongewaard.

'92. W. C. Spaan is expected
home next summer.

Insurance News.

Insurance men of the West who read the
daily columns of insurance information in
THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD keep pace
with the times and are prepared for all emer-
gencies and contingencies that have grown
into the insurance business. The column
"With Insurance Men" gives in compact
form all the latest doings in the insurance
world, and is conceded by insurance men
everywhere to be the best and most up-to-
date report published by any newspaper in
the United States. THE RECORD-HERALD
does not copy its information from insurance
journals, but secures it first hand from man-
agers, agents and companies and by tele-
graph from its own special correspondents,
by telephone and in special cable dispatches
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RECORD-HERALD's insurance department is
equaled by no other paper. In fact, THE RE-
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that gives insurance men the first informa-
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- 1st. *What is the character of the school?*
- 2nd. *What is its equipment?*
- 3rd. *What expense is involved?*

The Northwestern Classical Academy is no longer an experiment. Its present station, backed by a record of 18 years, enables it to offer inducements well worthy your consideration. Tho no religious test is required for entrance, its students are surrounded by such conditions as will tend to lofty, christian ideals. Its Faculty consists of instructors equipped with a college training and able to give their students the benefit of years of experience in special lines of work.

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